MERRIMACK MAGAZINE
AND
LADIES' LITERARY CABINET.

"REPLETE WITH EV'RY CHARM T' IMPROVE THE HEART,
"TO SOOTHE LIFE'S SORROWS, AND ITS JOYS IMPART."

No. 15.] SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1805. [Vol. I.

Miscellaneous Selections.

THE WILD ROSE OF LANGOLLEN.

A TALE.

THE evening air blew chilling cold: Gwinneth threw her apron over her ſhoulders, and went to the wood-houſe for faggots. Ellen was left alone; her eye fell on the ſtump of the withered roſe tree: 'That was Edward's gift,' ſaid ſhe mournfully. 'Peace is now reſtored; he will return; he will think I have neglected it; for, alas! it is withered. But, no! Edward muſt come no more to our cottage.' Hearing the returning ſtep of Gwinneth, ſhe wiped away the ſtarting tear; for ſhe knew her good mother would chide. Gwinneth entered trembling: 'Mercy! my child; come and liſten; ſure I heard the Abbey bell toll.' Ellen turned pale: ſhe liſtened with breathleſs agitation; again the heavy bell ſtruck with awful reverberation. 'Oh!' cried Ellen, claſping her hands together, 'the news has arrived that Edward is killed.' Vainly now did Gwinneth call upon the name of her child, who lay ſenſeleſs on the cold earth. Ellen was the lovely, virtuous child of honeſt peaſants; but ſhe was tenderly beloved by the ſon of the wealthy Sir Owen Fitzmorris. In the ruſtic ſports on the lawns before the Abbey, Edward had often gladly joined, often preſſed the fair hand of Ellen with rapture to his lips, breathed in her ear accents of pure unchangeable love: but parental authority interpoſed; Edward was ordered to accept the hand of the rich, the haughty Lady Heſter. His heart proudly revolted; yet, to diſobey a father, hitherto fond and tender, was death. He implored a reſpite: Sir Owen granted his petition; and the regiment in which Edward ſerved was ordered to Egypt; yet his departing words breathed fervent, conſtant affection to his Ellen, and his parting gift was the roſe-tree which ſhe now bewailed. 'For heaven's ſake! my child,' ſaid Gwinneth, 'be compoſed. I will ſtep to the gate, and ſee if any one paſſes from the Abbey. Dear, now be comforted.' Gwinneth ſtepped to the gate. 'Bleſs me! as I live, here comes a ſoldier down the hill!' The word revived Ellen; ſhe flew to her mother's ſide. The ſoldier deſcended the hill; he ſeemed to walk feebly, and leant on the ſhoulder of a boy. 'Sure,' thought Ellen, 'that is Edward's form:' but as he drew nearer, conjecture changed; his dreſs was ſhabby and diſordered, his hair uncombed; and a bandage paſſed acroſs his eyes, marked the ſufferings he had endured in the dreadful climate to which he had been expoſed: for Edward it was; and love ſoon revealed him to the wonder-ſtruck Ellen. In a moment each of his hands were ſeized by Gwinneth and her child; who forgetting, in the firſt joy at ſight of him, the ſhocking change of his appearance, led him in triumph to the cottage; but enquiry ſoon ſucceeded; and while Ellen fixed her eyes upon the withered roſe-tree, in anguiſh exclaiming, 'Alas! he cannot ſee it now,' Edward began his recital.

'When I left you, my dear friends, in compliance with a father's commands, I embarked with my regiment for Egypt. Our troops were ſucceſsful in all their undertakings: I alone ſeemed doomed to feel the pangs of diſappointment and ſorrow. An enterprize in which I was engaged, required diſpatch and caution; when in a moment of general attack, my deareſt friend, and earlieſt companion of my happy days, fell covered with wounds. Diſobeying the ſtrict orders of our commander, not to quit our poſts, I bore him in my arms from the ſcene of horror: for this I was broke, and diſcharged with ignominy.' Ellen wept; her heart was too full for utterance: the poor old woman ſobbed aloud. 'I returned,' ſaid Edward, 'in the firſt veſſel that ſailed, and returned but to ſee my father breathe his laſt. Even he too conſpired againſt my happineſs; for would you believe it, Ellen? he has diſinherited me.' 'How!' exclaimed Ellen, 'is it in nature to be ſo wicked! A child he once loved ſo dearly!' 'True,' returned Edward, but you now behold me in ſickneſs and ſorrow, without friend to comfort, or a home to ſhelter me.' 'Never, never, my dear young maſter,' cried Gwinneth, 'while the ſticks of this poor cot hang together'—Ellen claſped his hand cloſer to hers, but ſpoke not. On a ſudden ſome recollection darted acroſs her mind; ſhe let his hand fall, and ſighed deeply. 'What ails my Ellen?' aſked Edward; 'will ſhe not confirm the words of her mother?' 'Ah, me!' ſaid Ellen, 'I am thinking how happy the Lady Heſter will be to have the power of reſtoring you to wealth and comfort. She can do all that our wiſhes dictate.' 'But if my Ellen gives me her love,' replied Edward, 'I will not ſeek the favor of Lady Heſter.' 'And will you ſtay with us?' aſked the enraptured Ellen. 'Oh, we ſhall be happy enough in that caſe; and our debt of gratitude will be in part diſcharged: for to you, Edward, we owe all. Your inſtructive care firſt raiſed my mind from ignorance; and if a virtuous ſentiment animates this breaſt, from you it derives its ſource.' 'You are unjuſt to yourſelf, Ellen, inſtructions beſtowed where there is not innate virtue, is like the vain attempt at cultivating a rocky ſoil. But how my love, can you think of ſupporting an idle intruder? Your means are but ſcant, though your heart is ample.' 'We will work the harder,' ſaid Gwinneth: 'We knit and ſpin, and have a thouſand ways of getting a penny; when you get ſtrong and healthy, you ſhall work.' 'Mr. Fitzmorris work!' exclaimed the indignant Ellen. 'And why not, my child?' rejoined Gwinneth. 'Is there any diſgrace in honeſt induſtry? Mr. Fitzmorris is not proud; and when, with ſome juice of ſimples, which you, Ellen, ſhall gather, we have bathed his eyes, who knows but, by the favor of heaven, his ſight may be reſtored? Thus, Ellen, he will aſſiſt our labors, ſee our cheerful endeavors to make him forget all paſt misfortunes; and we ſhall be the happieſt peaſants in Langollen.' 'Excellent creature!' cried Edward, 'my whole life ſhall paſs in active gratitude. But I muſt away: on the brow of the hill I left a weary traveller; I will bring him to taſte a cup of your beer, and ſpeed him on his journey.' Ellen was unwilling that he ſhould leave her ſo ſoon, though but for a few minutes; but when Edward continued abſent above two hours, her terror was inexpreſſible. The night cloſed in, and Edward did not return. Ellen's couch was wetted with her tears, and morning found her pale and ſad. She waited at the door in anxious expectation, and with a ſcream of wild joy

exclaimed, 'He is coming!' He was ſupported by an elderly man, and Ellen haſtened forward to lend her aſſiſtance alſo, while Gwinneth prepared their homely breakfaſt. Edward ſeemed breathleſs with fatigue; and the ſtranger accounted for the delay, by ſaying, that he had wandered up the country, fearing his companion had forgotten him. 'Ah! you are cold and wet,' ſaid Ellen. 'No my love; you ſee I have a great coat. I found my little parcel at the lodge where I reſted laſt night.' 'And that lodge, which was once your own cruel father's, ſhould now be yours,' ſaid Ellen. 'But no; he was not cruel, Edward, for he has given you to us.' 'Come, come; this is fine talking,' cried Gwinneth, 'while the poor youth is cold and hungry; and ſee the tears how they roll down his cheeks.' 'Do your eyes pain you, Edward?' enquired Ellen: 'let me waſh them with ſpring water.' 'They do indeed,' ſaid he. In the gentleſt manner poſſible, Ellen removed the bandage; and his full, expreſſive, hazel eye met her's, bearing joy and love. She receded with a ſcream of ſurprize. He threw off his coat, and diſcovered his dreſs decorated with every military honor. 'Ellen forgive this deception; it was my father's ſtratagem; and here he is a witneſs to your diſintereſted affection. I am not diſhonored, but promoted by my noble commander to high military rank.' 'It is true, indeed, I ſuſpected my ſon of an unworthy choice, and dictated this ſtratagem as the means of confirmation. The Lady Heſter diſdained a poor infirm ſoldier, and now my Edward has to ſue for your acceptance.' Dumb gratitude ſeized the trembling Ellen; ſhe fell at the feet of Sir Owen, bathed his hands with her tears, and vainly tried to expreſs the ſeelings of her oppreſſed heart. The ruſtic meal paſſed ſome time unregarded, till compoſure was reſtored, and the benevolence of the intention rendered it a repaſt palatable even to the Baronet. 'Your roſe tree is withered,' ſaid Ellen. 'Indeed I could not preſerve it.' 'Heed it not,' ſaid Edward; 'it was a hot-houſe plant, and could not bear the ſlighteſt breeze of miſchance. You, Ellen, are the blooming Wild Roſe of Langollen, whoſe native ſweetneſs is but increaſed by the homelineſs of the culture it received.

"Oh, let me then tranſplant thee ſafe into a richer ſoil,
"And of my garden be the pride and joy."

Ellen, with a bluſhing joy, gave her hand to her lover, who that day led her to the Abbey, where the delighted peaſantry came to make their heart-felt gratulations; and, in the happineſs of his children, Sir Owen found his cure: and the aged Gwinneth ſunk into a peaceful grave, beloved and revered by her dutiful child: and to the Arms of Sir Owen Fitzmorris is now added, with proud triumph, the blooming Wild Roſe of Langollen.

ESSAY ON WOMAN.

"AT WHAT TIME OF LIFE DOES A WOMAN SHINE MOST CONSPICUOUS?"

THIS query opens a field of argument as large as that of beauty, for they both depend on opinion; and when that is the caſe nothing deciſive can be ſaid; for there are as many opinions as there are perſons. *One* may think that a woman ſhines moſt conſpicuous in the bloom of youth, beauty, and accompliſhments, with the additional advantages of wealth and education to ſet them off. I own ſhe does ſhine moſt brilliantly: She charms and captivates the heart of MAN, and tempts him to make her legally his own, and that forever, and feels as if nothing could make her appear more amiable in his eyes; yet the following ſuppoſed, yet very poſſible caſe, may ſoon convince him of the contrary.

Misfortunes aſſail him, poverty conducts h m to a priſon; ſhe follows him to his darkſome dungeon, where her ſmiles ſhine with double luſtre to thoſe in which ſhe had decked herſelf on the morning of her eſpouſals; ſhe illumines every corner of his gloomy cell, charms him with her affectionate eloquence and compoſed behaviour; ſhe inſpires a fortitude till then unknown to himſelf; ſhe ſeems not only to be the mother of his children, but almoſt of his virtues; and by rouſing him from his lethargy, enables him to retrieve his fortune, and re-eſtabliſh his credit.

Her efforts will then take another turn; ſhe makes a home comfortable for him, and a large family, for whom ſhe endures toilſome days, and ſleepleſs nights; ſhe feels all the hopes and fears of a tender mother, and anxious wife.

Bright as ſhe appears alſo in this point of view, there is yet one in which ſhe outſhines them all. Suppoſe her daughters now grown up, (the boys ſhe leaves to their father,) what a taſk has ſhe then to perform! See her at the head of her table, ſurrounded by thoſe who have no one elſe to look up to for example and ſupport. She looks round with a tear cauſed by this reflection, "On my example depends the future happineſs of theſe my dear children, and ſhall I not exerciſe every attention to ſet a good one before them? For, what would my feelings be, on ſeeing them act wrong, with the additional pang of ſelf-reproach? Forbid it, heaven! and grant my conduct may be ſuch, that they may venerate my memory when called away from them; before which time, I truſt, their virtues will procure them protectors, who ſhall ſucceed me in treating them with the ſame tenderneſs."

Her prayers are heard; ſhe lives to ſee her daughters worthily beſtowed in wedlock; and her circle is enlarged by ſons-in-law, unable to be ſufficiently grateful for the precious depoſits ſhe has placed in their poſſeſſion, owing all their value to her care and example.

What then are her huſband's ſenſations? who, revolving in his mind the period when ſhe, (as her daughters are now) all blooming with youth and beauty, made a ſurrender of her charms, finds thoſe joys inferior to what he now taſtes, and rapturouſly exclaims, "this is the period in which a woman ſhines moſt conſpicuous! for her children like ſo many diamonds, reflect back her luſtre, and ſurround her with a blaze of ſplendor."

DR. GOLDSMITH.

THE following is copied from a late Britiſh publication, and will not prove unintereſting to our readers.

"The abode of genius, though humble, is always intereſting, and the contemplation of it is calculated to impreſs pleaſing ſenſations on the mind.—What numbers flock to Stratford upon Avon, to view the ſpot and trace the ſteps which *Shakeſpeare* trod! and who would omit to viſit Chalfront, in Buckinghamſhire, the low roofed temporary reſidence of *Milton*, ſtill in being? *Pope's* Villa at Twickenham, is the delight of every perſon of taſte; and St ke Pages, the retreat of *Gray*, where he wrote his admirable Church-yard Elegy, and other works, will long attract the notice of "muſing melancholy."

With awful veneration then we trace
The ſteps which he ſo long before had trod,
With rev'rend wonder view the ſolemn place
From whence his genius ſoar'd to Nature's God.

The humble reſidence of *Goldſmith*, where he meditated on *The Traveller*, and wrote *The Vicar of Wakefield*, is a ſpot conſiſting of the dwelling of induſtry and indigence, known by the name of Green Arbour Court, Little Old Bailey, in the v cinity of Snowhill. To this place Dr. *Goldſmith* removed late in 1758, or early in 1759; for a friend of his paying him a viſit in the beginning of March in the latter year, found him in lodgings there, ſo poor and miſerable, that he ſhould not think it proper to mention the circumſtance, if he did not conſider it the higheſt proof of the ſplendor of Dr. *Goldſmith's* genius and talents, that by the bare exertion of their power, under every diſadvantage of perſon and fortune, he could gradually emerge from ſuch obſcurity to the enjoyment of all the comforts and even luxuries of life, and admiſſion into the beſt ſocieties in London.

"The Doctor was writing his Enquiry (into the preſent ſtate of polite learning) in a wretched dirty room, in which there was but one chair, and when he, from civility, offered it to his viſitant, himſelf was oblig-

ed to sit in his window. While they were converſing ſome one gently tapped at the door, and being deſired to come in, a poor ragged little girl, of very decent behavior, entered, who, dropping a low curtſey, ſaid, "My mama ſends her compliments, and begs the favor of you to lend her a chamber pot full of coals."

Scenes like theſe were at that time familiar to *Goldſmith*. In his Poems is the following deſcription of an Author's bed chamber, in which he has been more than ſuppoſed in many of the particulars, to have given a faithful repreſentation of his own.

"Where the Red Lion, ſtaring o'er the way,
Invites each paſſing ſtranger that can pay,
Where Calvert's butt and Parſon's black champaign,
Regale the Drabs and Bloods of Drury-lane;
There, in a lonely room, from Bailiffs ſnug,
The muſe found Scroggen ſtretch'd beneath a rug;
A window patch'd with paper lent a ray,
That dimly ſhew'd the ſtate in which he lay;
The ſanded floor that grits beneath the tread;
The humid wall with paltry pictures ſpread;
The royal game of gooſe was there in view!
And the twelve rules the Royal Martyr drew;
The ſeaſons fram'd with liſting found a place,
And brave Prince William ſhew'd his lamp-black face;
The morn was cold, he views with keen deſire
The tuſty grate, unconſcious of a fire;
With beer and milk arrears the frieze was ſcor'd,
And five crack'd tea cups dreſs'd the chimney board;
A night-cap deck'd his brows inſtead of bay,
A cap by night—a ſtocking all the day."

Diverſity.

BOYISH DAYS.

The celebrated Richardſon relates the following anecdote of his 'boyiſh days,' while he was a mere country lad, and before he became an apprentice to a printer.

As a backward and not a forward boy, I was an early favourite with all young women of taſte and reading in the neighbourhood. Half a dozen of them, when met to work with their needles, uſed, when they got a book they liked, and thought I ſhould, to borrow me to read to them; their mothers ſometimes with them; and both mothers and daughters uſed to be pleaſed with the obſervations they put me upon making.

I was not more than thirteen, when three of theſe young women unknown to each other, having an high opinion of my taciturnity, revealed to me their love ſecrets, in order to induce me to give them copies to write after, or correct, for anſwers to their lover's letters; nor did any of them ever know that I was the ſecretary of the others. I have been directed to chide, and even repulſe, when offence was either taken or given, at the very time that the heart of the chider or repulſer was open before me, overflowing with eſteem and affection;—and the fair repulſer, dreading to be taken at her word, directing this word or that expreſſion, to be ſoftened or changed. One, highly gratified with her lover's fervor and vows of everlaſting love, has ſaid, when I aſked her direction—'I cannot tell you what to write; but you (her heart on her lips) cannot write too kindly.' All her fear was only that ſhe ſhould incur ſlight for her kindneſs.

OF THE PLANT KALMIA.

Dr. Darwin was converſing with a brother Botaniſt, concerning the plant Kalmia, then juſt an imported ſtranger in the green-houſes and gardens. A lady, who was preſent, concluding he had ſeen it, aſked the Doctor what were the colors of the plant. He replied, '*Madam, the Kalmia has preciſely the colors of a ſeraph's wing.*' So fancifully did he expreſs his want of conſciouſneſs reſpecting the appearance of a flower whoſe name and rareneſs were all he knew of the matter.

MUTABILITY OF FASHION.

A gentleman who had been commiſſioned by his wife to make a purchaſe for her at a milliner's, being accoſted by a friend on his return, begged to be excuſed from ſtopping, as he had bought a bonnet for his wife and was afraid *the faſhion might change before he got home!*

JACK AND THE FAIR PUGILISTS.

A FIGHT took place ſome days ſince in Wentworth-ſtreet, Spitalfields, between two women of the town; a ſailor, who witneſſed the conteſt, was ſo pleaſed with the dexterity of one of the pugiliſts, that he offered to marry her, provided ſhe would accompany him to ſea, at the ſame time promiſing to get a huſband for her antagoniſt. Jack had upwards of 100l. prize money, and engaged a poſt-chaiſe and four to convey himſelf and his two fair companions to Portſmouth, followed by a chaiſe and pair with a couple of fiddlers, whom he hired in Wapping for the trip. [Lond. Pap.

THE DEBTOR AND TAR.

From a late London paper.

A BAILIFF having met with a perſon a few days ſince in the neighbourhood of Wapping, againſt whom he had a little commiſſion, gently touched him on the ſhoulder, and requeſted the favour of his company. After recovering from the ſuddenneſs of his ſurprize, the debtor began to expoſtulate, though with little effect, on the hardneſs of the times, and concluded with the emphatic obſervation, '*What's a man to do who has been unlucky all his life?*' on which an honeſt tar, who came reeling by at that inſtant, exclaimed—'*Do! why buy a ſhare in the preſent lottery, as I did in the laſt, and then,* [*pulling out a ſtocking full of dollars*] *you'll ſtand a chance of the beſt prize you ever overhauled.*" The ſailor with characteriſtic benevolence, then furniſhed him with the means of purchaſing half a ticket.

SURNAMES.

IN the Cambridge Chronicle of Saturday, Aug. 1, 1772, is an advertiſement ſaid to have been taken from the Canterbury Journal, which beggars the liſt of ſurnames lately mentioned.

MARY SCAREDEVIL, widow of the late Wm. Scaredevil, of Maidſtone, does by the aſſiſtance of the Almighty, intend to carry on the buſineſs of Whiteſmith, and hopes for the favor and recommendation of the ladies and gentlemen whom the late Wm. Scaredevil had the pleaſure to ſerve, which will be gratefully acknowledged by their moſt humble ſervant,

MARY SCAREDEVIL.

BILLETDOUX.

As a proof of the literary talents of ſome modern TIPPERS, *the following Billetdoux, written by one of them to a young lady, is extracted.*

"Dere inſeemable Miſs,

"I beg leve that I hope for haven the honnor of yure cumpaney this evenen at the hous off Miſs —— yure prefants will give me the grateſt pleſhure, that can be immaginible on the faſe off this terrakkious gloab——I ſhall ever have the honner to be yure luvin

"Miſs —— ——." DICK TRIM.

NEWBURYPORT,
SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1805.

"*Various*, that the mind—ſtudious of change
"And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd."

The following 'Reflections on the ſtate of New-York,' *are extracted from the Commercial Gazette, of Nov. 6.*

WITH mingled emotions we congratulate our fellow citizens on the reſtoration of the public health, and our exiled brethren on their return to the city and their homes. For ſeven tedious weeks they have been ſubjected to trouble and privation, to inconvenience and loſs, to ſickneſs and ſorrow. Into the hand of many the cup of calamity has been put, and the heart of not a few aches at the remembrance of the miſery they have witneſſed, and of the friends they have conſigned over to the ſilent grave. In the preceding columns our readers have a *regiſter*, the ſight of which will ſwell many a boſom and fill many an eye. Nor does the melancholy record end here: by other diſeaſes than malignant fever have ſeveral valuable names been cut off from ſociety ſince the retreat.——But now that the ſeaſon of ſickneſs is paſt, and the noiſe of buſy commerce is again heard in our ſtreets, let us cheriſh ſentiments of gratitude towards that God who has preſerved us in life amidſt the danger and the death that ſurrounded us, and has reſtored us to our buſineſs and our homes.

Ordination.

'*Behold, I bring you glad tidings!*

ORDAINED.—In Hardwick, on Wedneſday the 20th ult. the Rev. William B. Weſſon, over the Church and People in that place.—Sermon, by the Rev. Joſeph Lee, from Titus i. 7, '*For a Biſhop muſt be blameleſs as the ſteward of God.*'

Hymeneal.

'*Delightful ſtate! to whom alone is given,*
'*On earth, to antedate the joys of heaven.*

MARRIED.—In Concord, (N. H.) Mr. Charles Emery, to Miſs Mary Walker.—Mr. Benj. Abbot, jr. to Miss Eſther Currier.

In Portſmouth, Dr. John Wheeler, of Dover, to Miſs Betſy Neil.—Mr. Daniel Jackſon, to Miſs Lydia Blaiſdell.

In Newbury, on Monday evening, the 11th inſt. Mr. Obadiah Short,† to Miſs Martha Adams.

In this town, by the Rev. Mr. Morſe, Mr. Caleb Huſe, of Belfaſt, (Me.) to Miſs Sarah Smith, of Newbury.

Mr. Henry Boult, to Mrs. Mary Weſſels.

Mr. Benjamin Whitmore, mer. to Miſs Mary Wells.

Obituary.

'*Hope humbly then, with trembling pinions ſoar,*
'*Wait the great teacher, Death, and God adore!*'

DIED]—At Malezyn, in Ruſſian Poland, Count *Potosky*, the Ruſſian General in Chief, leaving behind him the enormous ſum of 400,000 ducats, which he principally acquired by his mercantile relations with Odeſſa. He has left two ſons and 12 daughters, all amply provided for. He lived in ſplendor, and conſtantly kept open table for 36 perſons. No leſs than 2000 eccleſiaſtics, from the neighbouring parts, were preſent at the funeral obſequies. For the funeral ceremonies, 3000 ducats were paid, and 22,000 ducats were diſtributed among the prieſts. The remaining expences amounted to 20,000 ducats. The church was hung with 10,000 ells of black cloth, and no leſs than 2000 pounds of wax-candles were burnt on the occaſion. The body lay in ſtate fourteen days.

In this town, Mr. Woodbridge Greenleaf, aged 39.

Child of Capt. John Pearſon, aged 20 months.

On Thurſday evening, *Nancy*, daughter of Capt. Henry Lunt, aged 3 years. Her death was occaſioned by a burn received about a fortnight ſince.

† Mr. Short, *was taken ſick on the Sunday following, and died on Wedneſday evening laſt, aged 27 years.*

To Readers and Correſpondents.

Lyſander's *continued correſpondence is ſolicited.—We hope,*

"Though now profuſe the tears are ſhed,
"And frequent heav'd the rending ſigh,
"His wounded heart may ceaſe to bleed,
"And ſorrow's briny fount ſoon dry."

"*Write until thou art happy—then charm us with thy bliſs.*"

The Tranſlation from the Petit Cenſeur, *is received, and ſhall have a place in our next number. The communicator is requeſted to accept thanks.*

Poetry.

A POEM,

ON AMERICAN PATRONAGE.

Addreſſed to the Phi Beta Kappa Society, *on the anniverſary meeting, Aug.* 29, 1805;

BY REV. T. M. HARRIS.

TO wake ambition, dormant in the breaſt,
By modeſt diffidence or fear ſuppreſt;
To rouſe the negligent, the dull inſpire,
The tardy quicken, and the torpid fire;
To call forth humble merit to the light,
And prompt even Genius to a bolder flight;
Demands but *patronage* from men of ſenſe,
Expreſſed in Praiſe, if not in Recompenſe.
My verſe ſhall then in honeſt ſtrains declare
The claim of Talents, and the Patron's care.
Praiſe is a ſtimulus, the youthful need
To raiſe attention, and improvement ſpeed;
Hope and encouragement will zeal inflame,
But almoſt certain failure ſprings from blame.
For he, who never approbation ſhares,
Soon tamely ſinks from effort, and deſpairs,
Then hates his maſter and his book at once,
And from a Scholar ſinks into a Dunce.
Of livelier powers there are indeed a few,
Who learning with avidity purſue;
More emulous of wiſdom, than applauſe,
No frown deters them, and no premium draws,
Nor bribed, nor driven, they preſs before the throng,
In courage bold, in native genius ſtrong.
O may no check the onward courſe impede,
Reſtrain the ardor, reprehend the ſpeed,
The heart diſcourage, or the hope repreſs,
Which crowns each effort with deſir'd ſucceſs.
But kind to Merit, though it ſeeks not Fame,
Glad to commend, and ſtill averſe to blame,
May all, who worth diſtinguiſh, worth regard,
And give deſerved, though undeſir'd reward.
Then, as maturing reaſon, ſenſe refin'd,
The lucid judgment, and well cultur'd mind,
The ſtores of ſcience, and the ſkill of art,
Their influence blend, and all their aid impart,
To form th' accompliſh'd Scholar of the age,
As a *Divine*, a *Stateſman*, or a *Sage*,
COLUMBIA may his help and talents claim,
And owe increaſing glory to his name.
But *him* let wiſdom and deſert content,
Nor covet Fame, nor hope Emolument.
Wealth is by trade, and not by talents gain'd,
And Fame's earn'd laurel ſeldom is obtain'd.
If to the Church he bend his virtuous care,
No earthly gains reward his labors there;
A ſtinted ſalary may his need ſupply,
But he muſt ſeek his treaſure in the ſky.
If to the Stateſman's place he dare aſpire,
And greatneſs lure him, or ambition fire,
And think his life to bleſs his Country ſpent,
Will make her grateful, or munificent;
Let the Mauſoleum and the ſculptur'd ſtone,
The nation vote and rear to *Waſhington*,
Show, that diſintereſted, patriot zeal,
And active labors for the public weal,
From thoſe they ſerve will win but ſcanty fame,
An airy Cenotaph—without a name!
Or is it the employment of the Sage,
With wiſdom's lore to fill the inſtructive page,
Graced with the faireſt intellectual light,
With wit enliven'd, and with genius bright?
Let him be told of ſome with equal ſkill,
Who had themſelves to pay the Printer's bill;
Of claſſic *Minot*, rank'd by genius high,
Whoſe pleaſing Hiſtory few conſent to buy;
Of fair *Philenia*, whoſe rich epic ſtrain
From the next age will high applauſes gain.
But will poſthumous praiſe have much avail,
If the firſt canto cannot find a ſale?*
Hence *Allen*, long the favorite of the Muſe,
Though he may write, to publiſh will refuſe;†
While even *Menander* quits the realms of wit,
And condeſcends to fill "a ſimple writ."
The Eagle thus, that o'er Olympus ſoars,
Whoſe gods once feaſted on ambroſial ſtores,
Finds on the top mere barrenneſs prevail,
And for his *food* frequents the humble vale.
See *Hannah Adams*, modeſt and reſign'd,
With artleſs manners and repleniſh'd mind,
Whoſe worth and induſtry ſhould gains inſure,
By ſtudy blind, by publiſhing made poor!
If ſtill preſumptuous, and with hope elate,
Lendrum will ſhow the daring Author's fate.
A crazy wanderer, deſtitute, forlorn,
The praiſe, he merited, now turn'd to ſcorn.‡
Yet think not *he*, whoſe bold, indignant ſtrains
Diſcourage others, for himſelf complains.
No! though of merit and pretenſions leſs,
His are acknowledgments of more ſucceſs.
With grateful heart he owns what he receives,
And but for thoſe whoſe claims are higher grieves.
Yet, ſince perverted or deficient taſte
From ſome may praiſe withhold, on others waſte,
Since mere Compilers that reward obtain,
Which Genius merits, and of right ſhould gain;
Deem not amiſs the ſatire on the times,
Expreſs'd with honeſt freedom in my rhymes.
And be it yours, with judgment more correct,
To reſcue genuine merit from neglect,
Encourage progreſs, enterprize applaud,
And give to talents their deſerv'd reward;
Nor parſimonious all your laurels ſave
To deck the hearſe, and ſtrew upon the grave;
But o'er a thankleſs age illuſtrious riſe
The real, needed Patrons of the wiſe.

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* *Mrs.* Morton *publiſhed in* 1797 *the firſt book of* 'Beacon Hill, *a local poem, hiſtoric and deſcriptive;' and promiſed, that, if favorably received, the ſucceeding numbers ſhould inſtantly appear. Such ill ſucceſs attended the ſale, that the publication is diſcontinued.*

† James Allen, Eſq. *of Boſton, author of a poem, yet in manuſcript, on the battle of Bunker Hill, and the ſubſequent events of the American war.*

‡ *Author of a General Hiſtory of America in* 2 *vols.* 12mo; *a work uniting accuracy with conciſeneſs and elegance.*

SELECTED

FOR THE LADIES' LITERARY CABINET.

THE HERMIT.

IN the morn, when the mountains bright beam with the ſun,
When gay nature bluſhes, or glitters with dew;
The herd's from the folds to the vallies have run,
And mortals to Morpheus had bid an adieu:

The Hermit retires from his moſs-cover'd cell,
To an oak's aged trunk, where oft he had ſtood,
His paſſions to conquer, his ſorrows to quell,
With practices noble and ſentiments good.

His knees on the turf, and his hands ſpread abroad,
Devotion majeſtic reclin'd on his brow,
Beſpeak that his ſoul is encircled with God,
And ſeldom partakes of a converſe below.

In oriſons teeming with eſſence of praiſe,
Where ſenſe, love, and beauty in virtue combine;
Where notes ſweetly ſwelling ſoft harmony raiſe,
He pours out his ſoul with a fervor divine.

Once paſſing the mead, with my gun, in the morn,
Before me far ſcatt'ring the dew-drops away,
When around ſcarce a tint was ſeen to adorn
The chambers of darkneſs for faſt coming day.

I walk'd up the ſide of the mountain alone,
To find out the cave of our holy recluſe,
To ſee how divine, how immortal he'd grown,
And hear how he'd form'd with temptation a truce.

So ſtill was the breeze, it ſcarce whiſper'd around;
The torrent in murmurs flow'd ſilent along;
And the woods were at peace, as prepar'd for the ſound
Of piety, floating in beauty of ſong.

Not far from his cave I threw myſelf down,
Impatient to hear him light ſtep o'er the ſod,
To hear midſt the branches his loud ruſtling gown,
Which ſhields him when op'ning his boſom to God.

He came—and the ſmile of contentment was ſeen;
He came—and the beams of divinity ſhone;
His form was celeſtial; his mind was ſerene;
And glory immortal proclaim'd him her own.

BERI HESDEN.

MADRIGAL.

From the Spaniſh.

'TAKE, deareſt maid, this chain of gold,
'And with it grace thy peerleſs neck;
'Theſe pearls, on ſilken threads enroll'd,
'Theſe auburn treſſes let them deck.'

'Fond youth,' the bluſhing nymph reply'd,
'To me theſe toys no bliſs impart;
'To ſee thee happy is my pride;
'The pearl I value is thy heart.

ORIGINAL.

FOR THE LADIES' LITERARY CABINET.

MESSRS. EDITORS,

Although I have communicated 'Elegiac Lines,' *which have been honoured with a publication, I hope you will not deem it improper to give publicity to*

THE COMPLAINT.

YE happy hours where are ye gone,
When I was young and knew no ſorrow?
My days paſs'd on—when each had done,
My only care was for to-morrow.

Oh, that I could recall paſt time,
Thoſe days recall which now are gone!
Thoſe days, when I was in my prime,
And ſang and danc'd upon the lawn.

My little play-mates always ſtrove
To make my days glide peaceful on,
And happy were we oft to-rove
Acroſs the fields at early dawn.

To hear the red-breaſt's matin lay,
To catch the bee upon the flower;
To hail the new returning day;
Or ſit and talk within the bower.

Thus paſs'd my morn of life away;
My noon comes on, yet not ſo mild;
I number now th' unhappy days
Which mark me as misfortune's child.

With Mira, loveliеſt of the fair,
I happy liv'd, till heav'n decreed
That I muſt take a bitter ſhare,
That my fond heart for her muſt bleed.

'Twas heaven's decree that ſhe ſhould die,
That her Lyſander's heart ſhould bleed;
Nor can I e'er refrain the ſigh,
Or ſtay the tears which ſwift ſucceed.

My darling boy! thou boon of love!
Thy mother's earlieſt, tend'reſt care;
Weep not—ſhe's happy now above,
The laſting joys of heaven to ſhare.

Cheriſh and love her virtuous ways,
Purſue the path which ſhe has trod;
Thus peace and joy ſhall crown your days,
And heaven, at laſt, be your abode.

Byfield, Nov. 1805. LYSANDER.

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